

Dr. Tom Kirk
Private



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USNR

Surgical Team No. 22
U.S. M.A., Navy 3923
To F.P.O., San Francisco,
California

14th Field Hospital
A. P. Q. 59
To P.M., San Francisco,
California

50176

Manufactured by
U. S. Government Printing Office

27 February 1952

My Darling -

Today dawned bright and cheerful, and, for Japan, was really fine. I didn't have to go to Sick Call, because I had to go aboard the ST 1084 for my critique on the inspection I did Monday. There, as usual, I was heathenically by all. The navy really thinks a lot of their doctors. All went well, I had no criticism; it was the cleanliness ship I've ever been aboard, and my suggestions were all about minor details.

I got back in time for lunch, and there got the word that Team 22 had received orders. After lunch, I went to the liaison office and found we had, in truth, gotten in dispatch orders, to leave on 29 February at 0530, for Pusan, Korea, to relieve Team 17. The duty there is supposed to be good. We operate

daily and multiply on the
U.S. and Allied personnel who
need it, and go over to Kaje-do,
a P.W. island off Pusan,
and there can pick what we
desire for the day.

Kaje-do is the site of the
riots last week. I heard today
that the Reds are demanding
that the troops who put down
the riot be punished for quelling
the riot. What gall those
idiots have.

I've thought it over occasionally,
and have thought it best that
I write you letters as from
Japan rather than tell you
where I am. It's not because
I'm going any where that will
be at all dangerous, we'll be
over a hundred miles from the
front, but we'll be in Korea,
and anything can happen as far
as orders are concerned, so I
don't want you to worry. Your
letters to me here will be

forwarded, and will reach me
quicker than they would if
I sent direct.

I have sat down tonight
and written several letters
to you, to be mailed by one
of my room-mates, Denny
O'Regan, at irregular intervals.
The contents, I've tried to make
sound natural. I want you
to know that I love you
more than anything else in
the world, that I'd never
try to deceive you, and deception
is not what I have in mind.
But you seem to have enough
on your hands without worrying
about me.

28 February 1952

My dearest

Today, the team met at the liaison office, and I took the Chief, the operating room technician, Tony, and Gene Ladouceur over to Supply to check the inventories. We've been told repeatedly whenever we ask, that anything we could possibly need is present, but on each inspection, we've found numerous absent bits of gear and an asking, we've heard that these "are reinforced so no one will walk off with them." Today, we found there are no dissecting scissors, no stethoscope, no manometer, and many other things on the standard block inventory, so we put in a foot requisition.

Until this happened, the chief of the team, and the supply chief were shaking their heads over "those kids." They don't, not will they again.

I checked out a .45 next. It seems that the Geneva Convention forbids one having them, but I'll start leaving it when the Reds start living by the Convention. It feels good on the hip.

Then, I got paid; I was expecting the whole balance on this months pay, but it seems that I get \$25 for the period 16 thru 28 February, and \$35 for 29 February. What a setup! I tried to buy a set of khakis, but there were none to be had here. I mailed a package home with all the things I have on hand for fall.

Since then, I've been squaring away 100% details, so that we'll be ready to go at 0445 in the A.M., for staying where we'll catch a plane for Pusan. We'll beat the 14th Field Hospital A.P.O. 59, C.P.H., Frisco.

You won't read this till later,
but I still want to tell you
that I adore you, beloved, that
every minute of every day I
long to hold you in my
arms, feel your sweet lips
on mine, your soft fingers
hid in my face, I hunger the
but strong arms about my
neck, I feel you give to my
embrace. Good night,
angel. Tomorrow will be
from Korea.

29 February 1952

Leap day - Mayi Air Talk

My dearest

We got up and at 0445 today, had instant coffee for breakfast, then boards and busses. The chief was not around, so we had to go and break him out. He was tying one on, or rather had tied one on and was slowly sleeping it off.

We drove out of the town as the snow started, proceeded over the north of Japan to ~~of today~~
teeth rattling. At each shell hole, snow blotting out the road. The snow was coating the dry keltzamony the rice paddies like doughnut frosting, the water between was black by contrast, and the rice stalks seemed like gray dots on the black field. The hills beyond were hazy through the snow, show as white and gray mottling against the much white sky.

We made it from Ushibuna to Higashimura a true $1\frac{1}{2}$ lane Autobahn, skimming the flagstones and minute curbs at each turn, and finally bounded over an antique stone block road to the airbase. Now we're sitting in operations, waiting the planes' warming. They've just called us to board the plane, so I guess we're off.

It's now night. We got aboard in a howling snowstorm and took off into almost no ceiling, and headed westward. At about $10,000$ ft. we got out of it all, and saw the last sliver of light on the omnijaded pathways and massive snow clad mountains of southwest Japan.

After a long sleep, we found ourselves landing in the Fusō area, at the K-9 airfield.

We then got our first view of Korea. The country so far is a vast expanse of hills rising for a thousand or so feet at an angle of 50-60 degrees precipitating from the sparse valley flats. The tools are entirely lacking in pavement, scattered with deep holes, filled with earth & trampled by heavy trucks.

The houses are thatched roofed huts of fieldstone, the people are different from the Japanese, but I cannot describe any difference specifically. Their dress is coarser and yellowish while is more varied in color, and more attractive. The people are reportedly much less clean than the Japanese, but appear to be decent at first glance. Their culture, however, is

obviously different. In Japan, the people are solicitors, overy so; they bad and scope to help us, to please us, to beg; while here, the people are poor, have lived under the heel of ty organic military rule, and yet the Japanese is arrogant, completely insubordinate, even though starving.

A crew of it became un-loaded the plane for us, and found a few lunch boxes that hadn't been eaten by us; and digging, they went at it as if they'd just eaten in months.

We opened the base, or rather the hospital, and were met by the Japanese equivalent for Spec, the Adjutant, in a sedan. He brought us 3 officers, while I "sat by" truck brought out gear, and the enlisted men.

Now, we were put on the orthopedic service, and were billeted temporarily. We were expected (they had no idea we were coming, for had done nothing about it) in quarters vacated by men on 5 day passes to Japan.

The office is in a quonset hut to themselves, with the chief in charge. We are in another with a group of army doctors.

The hospital is a large (8,000 bed) affair of quonset huts, spread all along valley, surrounding what was once a Korean Hospital. The hospital houses the administrative facility while the actual hospital is outside. The operating rooms are in the old hospital, are 3 in number, with two tables

to the room. The volume of surgery is large, the type is definitive, the patients, except for emergencies, are all Red Koreans and Chinese, either P.M.'s or internees, one Russian female among the latter.

What impresses me is the youth of the Command. Before arrival here, I was convinced that the Navy was unduly slow in their promotions, requiring 4 years from commission till promotion to Lt., while the army makes a man a Captain in 1 year. Now, there are 2 field hospitals combined, the 3rd & 4th Field. The C.O. of the 3rd is a Captain whose age is less than mine who had an internship which made him a captain and 18 months in the

army since. In the 14th, to
which we're attached the C.O.
is a Lt. Col. of 34-35, who
should be assistant chief
of a service at some hospital.
The chief of Surgery is a captain
with 1 year's experience, having
the chief of orthopedics delayed
2 yrs., or rather 18 months of
training. I believe firmly
now that the discrepancy
in army & navy promotions
is not with the army who
give promotions and commands
but ~~but~~ ^{but} too easily.

I'd rather be a j.g. in the
navy doing what I'm qualified
to do, than a captain in the army
without supervision doing what
I am not yet qualified to do.

The Chow here, for the
navy, is costless, the f/x
Captains nothing, and were
allowed \$10 worth of Won
(the local currency, at 1,000
to the dollar) per month, so

I should never leave about
per month here. I don't
know how long we'll be here,
but I estimate from 1 to
3 months, unless the committee
should come through, in which
case, we'll go to the front and
accompany the P.W. exchange.

Tonight, on returning
from the movie, "whose name
I can't remember", I was met
by my OR tech and a cpl.
from the army's security, who
told me that Tony team gear
was still in the C B, and
was in the box, unselected.
The chief had supposedly
arranged all that. I went &
squandered it away. The army
has no place for just for keeps.
What an outfit!

Now, that's a party going on,
a knock down, drag it off affair.
I'm more & more impressed
that the Navy is much more
of a gentleman's service.

and yet, they turn a job well
done, and because they're gentlemen,
it's without publicity.

For now darling, I'll
say goodnight. I love you
my beloved; and for my
two young ones I long daily.
Goodnight beloved.

1 March 1952

My darling —

For my 11th fractur here turned out even larger in proportion than I'd thought. When I awoke this morning, there wasn't a whale chair or table in the place, and there were but two of us able to walk without a heavy list to starboard. The skipper was somewhat upset over it. When we went to meet him today, he wanted about it for half an hour.

We met the chief of orthopedics, by name "Miller"; coincidentally, a Captain who finished 3rd in '47, is only a couple of years younger than I, but who reportedly knows his orthopedics. He took some and I think see the ward were to here. It's a 400 bed affair, in 8 quonset huts, all with dirt floors, heated with pot bellied stoves, and bedded with army cots. The patients keep their own charts, any scrap of paper that happens to be available at

the time, and their own X rays. They
are, about 90%, osteomyelitis of any
and every bone in the body; with
a few foot bites in early stage
of development, a few tendon
defects that have had, or will
need transplants, a few peripheral
nerve injuries. We have 50
casts posted for surgery when
possible, 4 flap skin grafts,
2 tenotomies, and one nerve
repair. These will be done
within 2-3 weeks.

Today I posted another ortho,
a split graft, a flap graft, and
an amputation (mid thigh) which
will be done as an emergency when
I can get his protein and hemo-
globin up to normal.

These patients are most unco-
operative however. They remove their
own casts on the 1st or 2nd day
if they don't like them, they open their
wounds with pins or knives, and
submerge them so that they
won't get better, and be returned
to the regular enclosures. They

Don't seem to care about the resultant deformity, disability, or loss of limb. The osteo I'm pasty today started out as a small ulceration at the ankle which he rubbed with feces. He lost one leg at the knee and the other at the ankle already, has lost 50 pounds weight, is dead from chronic infection.

Mind riots here are a commonplace. We had one tonight in one of the compounds, I understand. We heard nothing of it here at the U.S. quarters.

I designed a shoulder patch for team 22 today, and sent the patch to Yokosuka to have them made. If we're in the army, we might as well put patches on our uniforms, and we are in army uniforms here, except for the toffs.

Carlin, I miss you constantly. I long mournfully to be near you again, to feel your filling my empty arms. Believe me, my angel, I adore you.

2 March 1952 - Sunday

My diary

Sunday here is just another day, making seven to the week. The only difference being that on Sundays, if we are caught up, we can unofficially leave at noon for town.

Got the story today on the to do last night. There are 90 communists among the PW's, the rest claim not to be. The non-commies held a "peoples court" to try the communists, with a sentence of death fit to guilty. The court was disbarred, the members apprehended, the "prisoners" released. The CID has been interrogating all day. Three of the communists are still missing, but not through the gates or over the fence.

Another point of interest here is the head, or latrine. It's the largest slit trench latrine in the world, covers an acre or more. I'll probably get a

Patient Pak Ki Nam
Nationality Chinese North Korean

Sex Male

Age 13 (estimated)

Duration of Complaints - 24 hrs.

C.C. - Typical of Ap.

P.M.H - Chole'ctomy - July 1951

Lysis of Adhesions - July '51

Hilectomy (12 inches) - Jan. 52

Dx - Appendicitis, acute, mild.

P. op. Dx - 1) Appendicitis, mild

2) Tuberculous peritonitis, mild.

3) Multiple adhesions.

picture of it.

Gene and I made ward rounds this AM and discovered a case of appendicitis. The patient was a 113 year old North Korean Conscripted who was captured last May, had his gallbladder out in July for unknown reasons, had a laparotomy for lysis of adhesions 2 weeks later. On January '52 he had resection of 18 inches of terminal ileum for gangrene of unknown etiology, and developed minimal post op. of his fat for going into shock. Hence, I got him yesterday.

Yesterday, he first noted pain in the abdomen followed by nausea and vomiting, then localization of the pain at Mc's Bony's point. Exam showed tenderness, typical to all scars, and not connected with them, with spasmodic rebound tenderness, and moderate rigidity. Rectal tenderness was high on the right. Lab studies were all normal.

Exploratory lap thru a

right rectus incision, excising the lower part of the previous wound. The RLQ was a mass of adhesions, but most of them were soft. The lower small bowel was relatively normal after lysis of adhesions, except for a few white, soft, sub-septous nodules about 3-5 mm in diameter, 12 inches proximal to the cecum. The ileocecalostomy was at the iliocecal valve, well patened, and apert. The appendix was mildly injected.

The patient is doing well so far.

No other news of events, my darling. Even though you won't feel this for a month or more, I want you to know that I adore my Sol, that I long for you and for my little family constantly. Daffy florish your arms, sweethearts, and hug him tightly for me, then little Lulu by the same. Good night beloved.

3 March 1952

My dearest Darby -

Today I started work, actually. This AM I started by doing a skin graft to an ulcer above the ankle, at the position of a varicose one, resulted though from osteo. I did a梭形 (sawhorse) type excision, & graft. Then I helped on 4 segment resections for osteo.

At break time I found a few more who need surgery, and pasted them. Then, I took off to Pusan, with 2 of my co-workers, to get paid. We had to hitch ride in.

As we got to the exit from the compound the cold struck us like a blow, pure & simple. The road is strictly dirt all the way, rutted, with a pea soup fog of dust over everything. Along the road, the houses were of unpainted, dirty gray, rotting lumber, with huge gaps & holes where the wood has rotted out. It's dark, windless, with roofs of tatch or broken tile. The people are slovenly dressed in mud & foul smattered clothes, the skirts for women being at the shoulders clinging to the ground, with a labor jacket on top. The men wear baggy britches tucked into rubber moccasins, light waistcoats also, with similar jackets. The old men wear this of white, with the black stove pipe hats so typical of Korea. I plan to get one

of them. I priced them today, at 60,000 Won,

or \$10. I could find no coins, but probably can later on, if I look around. We went back to the Q ship & were paid, then went aboard the "Haven" and saw the beauties of a well equipped hospital floating on an APA front. It was wonderful, the doctoring. Then the beach again and we wandered about the streets awhile. There are but few souvenir shops, the prices are high as the sky, and there is next to nothing to be had. Korean silk bathrobes, cotton jackets painted with the Korean fly for children, and Japanese statuettes of various cigarette lighters, fountain pens, and Jewelry. All of poor grade, and at more than statue-like prices. The shops are but flagged, dusty overall, falling apart at the rotted wood seams.

The ride back was bumpy over the mats in the rear of a 6-by army truck, taking 30 minutes to traverse 8 miles, at top speed. (5 mph.) We barely made it in time for dinner.

I'll go again, one time, to get the Korean hat and a few coins, and that is all. Good night beloved.

4 March 1950

My dear wife -

How I miss you, beloved, and how glad I am that I'm not in the army, forced to stay indefinitely at this place, for up to two years. These fellows are really stuck in the backwoods of civilization. In the Navy, we get to the backwoods, but we move around land and land back, instead of making it a semi-permanent stay. Today, a large class typical army guff was kicked out. The officers, up all told that they must expect to be sent from place to place, such as Kyo-Do, the front, or other such places. The thought has had these poor characters frantic all evening since. They hate it here, but they're used to this, and don't want to leave.

Last night, after I wrote, I went to the movies, saw "Crosswind" with only a dozen film breaks, and 2 places where the reels were shown backwards.

Today, I scrubbed on a vein ligature with the army's version of a

surgeon. He took 100 minutes to do a

simple malleolization, without a high ligation, done for varicose veins and elevation. I started by suggestion of definitive therapy, was ignored, made a few more commitments, then gave up. He's my age, no residency, but a Captain and M.C.O. of the 3rd Field Hospital, therefore he can get by with it. Not to military medicine where years in slavery take precedence over training and experience! Then, he helped me do a sequestrectomy on a hip. It came out half right but the fellow already has a femoral shift + pelvis fusion, traumatic, so he'll have a stiff hip anyway.

This afternoon, I finally got started organizing my ward. With records only on bags of paper, I could do nothing of it; so I got some May notebooks, and am putting a patient to a page, with a history, physical exam, treatment, etc., as in a good record, though abbreviated. That way, I should get things straightened out in time. It's an awfulness, really.

Tonight, we are having another movie, on something meant to break up the

enrui.

Tomorrow, & help the same Captain to do
a social never again. After today's focus,
it should be a rare bit of experience.

My dearest, I miss you and the family
more than I can ever put into words. It's
completely lonely, even when there are dozens
of people about. None can take your place
even partially. I miss the loneliness often
when I come home in the evening, the hubbub
at home when Allen is jumping all over the
place, Laura scurrying, and you with your
fist among them trying to fix supper. I miss
Allen wanting to go to the bedroom in the
middle of supper. I miss Allen swimming in the
bathtub, Laura in my arms not eating and
spitting all over me. Then I miss my talks
with you in the evening, and your looks
later when you come in your nightgown
to kiss me goodnight, with that desire of
seduction in mind, knowing that never
have I been able to resist you. But
really dearest, I never want to resist you.
I love the softness of your sweet fragrant
skin, the warmth of your lips on my
cheek, your fluffy hair in my face.
I miss your soft, warm, pliant body

pleased & nice, vibrantly living, giving
yourself to me. I miss the oneness of us.
I long for the day when once again we two
will be one, in spirit, in body, and
in happiness.

I'm looking forward to our second
honeymoon, my dearest, when we may again
~~start~~ a marriage, daily and nightly from
coast to coast. If I have ~~got~~ my re-
lief to come home, I'll have a choice of
surface or air transportation. If I have
3 or 4 days notice, I'll take air so that
you can drive across country to meet me.
If I get only a few hours notice, I'll take
surface. Whichever way it comes, I
want you to start the next morning
for the port I designate, and meet me
there. If you're early for the meeting, it
will be all right, because in the way
you'll have established residence, even if
for a short time.

I'll come into either Seattle or Frisco.
If it's Seattle, I want you to stay at the
olympic Hotel, or leave word at the desk
there where I can find you. If it's Frisco,
stay at the St. Francis Hotel, or
leave word at the desk there. Goodnight.

5 March 1952

My dear -

Another day, another Dallas, the
ennui becomes greater daily. The
"movie" last night was a group of
T.V. shows on film. The first
"Mike" something or other, a familiar
one, with a real spy story. Next,
Faye Emerson became as harassed
as her mother-in-law, interviewed
some self-conscious neutrals and
I got up and left.

This morning, the schedule was
pulled up, so that instead of helping on
one case, I did five. I aspirated a
finger, then three tubal resections,
then a manipulation of contractures of the
knees. I'm stuck in a sort of a loop
for a hospital with the limitation
of a pre-dark-ages post house.

This afternoon, I went at it on the
ward again. I'll get it caught up soon
I hope, that is if I'm here for any length
of time. I have a real selection there, all
right, and should know enough about
oste to take care of any I'll ever see
though I practice a bit less now.

Tonight, after supper, I got word that one of

the id men on my compound was found hanged to death. Investigation has begun, and I will probably report Lincoln, but no one here will believe it, we all suspect that the "peoples court" has been in session again. My only regret is that they didn't get a dozen of them. The id men are PW's who either speak or understand English, and who can carry the closing case, summons, and report any undue complaint of pain etc to the master.

I'm happy not to have seen any floods when the storms and tidal waves struck, even though Yokohama is quite a way from the spots. But I think the snow storm we left in the middle of was the one that started the elemental histronics. Here, so far, we've had no rain though it's been cloudy every evening, and cold in a biting way.

I think Landen, fresh school (I think you met him) came back from R & R in Japan today. He's looking well, seems to thrive on this life, even though he likes it about as well as I. He and I will probably throw a H. Va. party from Ruggby Road sometime in the near future. His sister married a like Alfred (Bob)

brother) last January 16 in, what the photographs show to be a wonderful affair. Hank is upset over missing it, for obvious reasons. Sue Baynes there, drunk as usual. Everyone had a few, and was enjoying the pain, but Hank's mother was very disgusted with Sue for being obviously polluted. Then, 2 days after the reception, Hank's dog came wandering about the house with a black shoe in his mouth. The Landons decided to search for any other details of the party, and found Sue still doleful & sleeping it off in one of the guest rooms. Sue's name is mud here; but I say it's typical of him.

Good night my darling

6 March 1958

My darling angel -

Tonight I've been asked to play a mile of bridge, so that I shall in one hand. Meanwhile, I'll separate all myself from all else, and devote my self to you.

I helped this morning on a dual autopsy, bone graft to the humerus of a North Korean, then spent the afternoon at the ward. I got started on a systematic checkup on each and every one of my patients. I'm taking them ~~best~~ by best, and filing them into my office for evaluation, 25 a day. Today, I cancelled 2 from the prep list, since they don't need it, added 3, and dis charged 4 to duty, who should have gone long ago.

I spent the early evening in reading what the literature has to offer on the subject of osteomyelitis, only found it horribly deficient. The series quoted are of 300, 500 cases, collected over periods

of 20 to 30 years. Now, we have such a tremendous volume, that in a month I could report on 600 or more and give 6 to 12 month follow-ups in 6 to 12 months.

Speaking of papers, darling, will you ~~do~~ ^{dig out} my paper on "Fetal Pancytopenia" from the files, re-type it and change the author's asterisk to "From the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Germantown Hospital, Philadelphia, now surgeon on Navy Surgical Team 22 in Korea," and ask Dr. Graves where to send it, and for advice, for diplomacy, to get it into the "Va. Med. Monthly." Also, will you get out the code on varicose veins, and polish it up, with dad's help, and see if Alice Graves about that too. It might help me to get them published, when I get out. I know it would help me get later things published, and I may have something, after being here, that will be worthwhile.

ask Stadie if he thinks it would

be wise to try the "Journal of
Obstetrics & Gyn" with the
former paper. Remember, they said
to send it back in 2 yrs, 3 yrs.
ago, and they now have a section
for case reports. Perhaps that would
be the best bet in any event. Try
that first, for the JObst. Put
the black & white photograph
in with it.

Being here will probably help
in having it published. When you
send it, put in a letter to the
editor, telling him I've written you
to try it for me again.

This weekend, Gene and
I plan to go into Pusay again
to see the "Hven" and "Consolation"
and to buy any souvenirs we
want to bring back. I want some
of those black hats, and
Gene wants a fly of Stora. Then,
probably, we will desist trips to
that brightly village of a pre-
civilized era.

Again I say, let the top

motto prevail, "Asia for the Asiatics."

Incidentally, the army they made
what is estimated to be the first invasion
of this bed of filth, and wanted to
know why my word was so filthy,
so much like a putrid sewer, why
I had let it go to just so. My re-
mark was that to the contrary, we in
the navy have progressed remarkably
toward removing the putridity from
the pestilential hole, that off we
time we had gotten ashore to do it.
Another comment of note is that it
was about time they got off their duffs
and had a look at it.

Beloved, I miss you in my
arms tonight, miss the love you
give me when we are together and
the love I long to give you. It's
being away from me so that I must
wait for you or I'll explode.

Good night my dearest one.

7 March 1952

My darling -

"The rains came," and 14th Field has in only a few hours been converted to a sea of mud, halfway to the knees, slippery, dirty, pock-tattered mud. The water is falling in sheets, the stark, angular trees about us are in bold relief against a sky of eerie, melancholy black and gray, but slightly dim and rendered more hideous by the ghostly veil of the gray shower. The tanks about the word oil and coal stores are covered to basins of pestilid mud, the beds are inches deep in slimy muck. Yet, the Natives still feel better, they say, than in their own homes.

Sky on this day was eerie and dark gray purple, lightning to twilight flung scurries at noon, and shortly afterward the monsoon began. If it continues for long, we are sure the whole valley will become a lake.

or bay of Sileland.

Today I helped in a wrist fusion, an exploratory orbital exenteration, and a pedobrithodesis. What is that for the week. Monday, An dengue, amputation, and a couple others. I was prevented more than a cursory inspection of my ward today by a lecture this afternoon by a visiting friend, Col. Judy. He spent an hour telling us what a "unique experience you have" to care for so many men with such a tremendous warhouse of disease; they launched into an army medical officer's recruiting campaign. He made no friends, and I dropped the morale here 20 points on the scale. Watch the papers, and when he is quoted as stating morale is high, take it "caveat emptor," as it. Blackford used to say.

Last night, after I wrote, the other 3 came over and

we began to play bridge, at

10 cent a point. It became rapidly evident that you & truly was to be the dominating hand of finance for a while for the two. However, I've played that way before, and can play it alone quite well if I like, and did. I looked foolish, underbid 2 slams, doubled when it made no difference, lost a foolish trick now and then, and won \$3.50, a little from each of them. They bought the drinks too, trying to add to their advantages. Apparently, they are unfamiliar with the game, which is a common fault in Charlottesville.

I needed about three bucks for conveniences, to pay handsly.

From the looks of it, there will be no great further activity in the near future; so, unless the fees hits the fan, I'll probably be here at Princeton for the duration of my TAD,

which is a maximum of 3 months

unless renewed. That will probably last me till I'm due out of the Navy. I still have not heard from the Bureau about the separation date, but since leaving Yokosuka, I've had no mail at all. When my letters begin to catch up, my darling, I'll probably call Doctor Cheffel about being here. With the first load of mail, I should also get my reply from Washington; though if the present ~~is~~ ^{is} given's usual inefficiency has further clapped the Navy's usual red tape, it may take longer.

Darling, take care of my boy and girl, and make Mr. ~~the~~ ^{Mr.} take care of you. Tell him I hope he likes the silk jacket I got him; and that "I hope the electric train will be fun for him to play with." The former should have arrived in Roanoke by now. Goodnight my darling, I date you.

8 March 1952

My dearest sweet angel

Today is a red letter day, first because I got my first mail from my darling girlie arrival of the Pink Rose. Secondly, I basked in the beauties of Africa's principal seaport, for the last time.

Yester Letter, my dearest, so tender, so sweet, brought heaven to me in just a few notes. You sounded a little depressed in the one dated the 25th, probably you had subconscious telepathic knowing of my impending orders to this nigh, post. Then, in your next letter of the 26th, you sounded more cheerful. It sounds as if Sol has got home upon flying all right. If you look at it from afar, on the flight of 3,000 miles I think that the atmosphere there has a distinctly comic appearance, 2 oldsters who have played cat and dog, the latter attempting to be gentle and polite about it, for 30 odd years, suddenly aged in the same house, each

trying to be more of an invalid than the
other. For you, though, caught with
so active and unexpressed infants,
it must be next to hell. I'm
soyy, angel, though I can't help laughing
at it, Healy. Maybe its because
I love you so, and every thing
about you brings me joy.

This morning, I went up
through the slush and slops to
my ward. On the way, I stopped
and looked about, and was struck
at the landscape. The sun was
out in full play, peering over the
edge of a smile, high collagey of
Clouds capping the natural stabs
in which we live. The whole
landscape was of shades of purpled
green and brown, that the pools
were deep brown shadowe. In
royal purple in the clouds were
an eerie gray, piled in boulders
on high. Not behind us. Beneath
us shaking at our feet, a sea of
slime and corruption.

I got a full day's word work
done by noon (Am getting my

soutine sped up over here, and

I think down as thorough as ever.

At noon I met my men, and two wanted to go off ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~bus~~ ^{train} with Tony and me, so we got out, after arguing with the owner for a full hour over a jeep. They claimed last week to have plenty of jeeps and no drivers, so one day when got an army driver's permit.

Now, they have plenty of drivers, but no jeeps. Anyway, we hitch hiked, caught a 3 by truck, and bounced 8 miles to the metropolitan. Each time I see it, I am amazed at the utter lack of a single sign of pride, respect, or dignity.

The streets were packed with filthy humanity (?) like a herd of swine stampeding through an immense wallow. I found a shop and bought a Korean paper fan ~~hat~~ of hand knotted silk thread. I tried to talk the keeper below his \$10 quoted price, but all I could always to have him throw in two dozen

silk flags of the R.O.K. Then, for 9,000 Won, I got a pair of Korean shoes, but use as flower shoes. They are made on the pattern of classic Chinese silk shoes, but are of rubber. I found a fit, and got them. By the process, I found a camera store with two copies of "I" in the window. I priced them, \$250 apiece. Both were in miserable condition. I laughed him down and left. He admitted they were junk. I saw some "Star Sapphires" but could see no star in any of them, and far better than stated the price. I'll find a good one in town and get it for my girl before I leave, if that is one area.

I lost Gary and one of the coopers, so my outfit and I headed back home. We caught a jeep, asked him (the ROK driver) if he was going near the 14th Field Hospital. "No" he said, "but I'll take you as far as I go that way." Now we

Came to the gate here, & told him we were going there, he said "I go there, too." He told him he worked at 14th F. A., and he was amazed to know what it was. He's only worked here for 10 months.

So far, I have no Korean coins, but I'll not go to Pusan again for them, under any circumstance. My interpreter is looking for them for me, my house maid and her 2 assistants are looking, and tonight I met Father Daig, the chaplain here, who has been here for 25 years. He's going to get me a few. He says he can do.

Now, I have but one project, to meet up with some Scots, and get a new pipe chanter. The padre told me that there is a regiment of the Seaforth Highlanders not far from us, so I can probably get one from them. They have one of the best and most famous pipe battalions in the world.

Good night, darling. Keep the chin up, and I'll see you soon.

9 March 1953

My dearest -

Sunday, but just another day as far as the place here is concerned. As usual at 0645, I went to the ward and saw all my patients in part 3. Now all I have to do is see how I can help. I found a bone graft, a wrist fusion, and a couple of revisions of hand amputations to do, and sent only one to duty. Church this morning was a service for division, and I think that Easter is just around the corner. My Easter parade will begin off in Isab with a Mary hat and insignia, but I do dream of you at home in your toga rider hat and a new dress.

This afternoon, the exec. called all six of us new men here in for a lecture on the history of the command. It seems that this was the first P.W. enclosure we had built

in August 1950, called PW
enclosure #1, with 3 doctors,
3 MSC's and 16 corpsmen.
In October, it was changed
to enclosure #1, housing the
3rd Field Hospital of 16 doctors
and 116 corpsmen, then in
December it became combined
3rd and 14th F. H., and on
29 December 1950, PW
enclosure #10 which it is
now. All PW's are brought
here for a screening before going
to Hage-do.

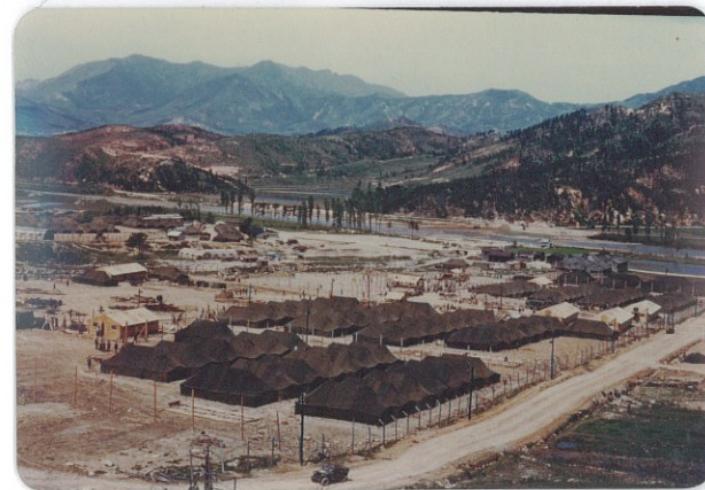
Afterward we got a Cook's
tour of the place, and while out
found ourselves at the edge of
the rice paddy at the foot of
high firs, so Gink and I
climbed it. It's a beautiful
view after a 7000 foot climb
up 6' d; looks out over
Pusan Harbor, back over
K-9 airfield, and down over
the enclosure. Way off to the
north is a range of snow
capped peaks. The who's say

is hazy blue, with yellow-red
and stony blueray knies
cutting the putty colored float of
the bowl into segments. I
used up almost half a roll of
Soda Ash some, which you will
probably have received when
this letter is sent.

Last night, my new
presentation Pen Pencil set
was stolen. I'll have to get
another, and have my name
or initials put on both barrel
and Cap, when I get home.
For now, I'll get a cheap one.
Wish Ad brought those gloves
I need at the General.

Tonight, I'm planning to
play chess with one of the heavy
dawds, then see a couple of
Western movies tomorrow &
have an amputation, and 2
sequestrectomies to do.

Good night my angel.



10 March 1952

My dearest darling -

At the moment I'm in the process of being put on a saty program with my pipe. It's a party given by host 5 (by which I mean) & stimulate interest in the "O club", since interest is beginning a little. Also, host 5 is the stimulus of all activities here.

I'm going over via specially arranged for jeep to the Sarfath Highlanders camp near Lek, to see if I can buy, borrow, win at poker, or otherwise acquire a pipe as a chancery for my pipe. I'm to dress in a dhoti and say hat, & speak in in the middle of the party with the pipe. They can't get on us for this party, no matter what happens, because they've asked us to throw it, and have put in a foal-liker-for-one hand deal.

Last night, I played 4 games of chess, won one, lost 2, and stalemated the forth. I

think that was all right, considering
the time since last I played.
I am beginning to feel that
my operating skill & castles is
rather poor however.

Afterward, we watched a Col
R-V-181 in "The Adventures of
Captain Fabian". If you haven't
seen it, don't.

Today, I did my own mod-
ification of a guillotine amputation
at mid thigh for the worst case
of gangrenous necrosis of an entire
limb that I ever hope to see, then
two sequesrectomies and
debridements of the tibia; all
with La Col. Somebody gazing
over my shoulder, being a nuisance.

This afternoon, I got a letter
from Capt. Spangler at Portsmouth,
asking me to come back, telling
me he needs half a dozen like
me to help him out there.
How I'd like to go! It seems
he's in a quagmire of work, and
no one to help do it.

I got over a gaudy number

of my patients today, so that now I only have one but and a half still to see, and get on in. I posted 3 fibulectomies, a plastic on a hand, and a number of associated resections today, sent a couple to duty who didn't like the idea at all. The nurse, who's been here for 11 months, told me today that since I've been here, she's felt for the first time that anyone was doing anything for the patients. Her trying, even in this pre-Revolutionary setup, to get this place of insect dust, running like a hospital.

Darling, take you. I feel as if a lifetime had passed in the two and a half months since last I heard from you in person that you love me, since last I felt you in my arms, and felt your head on my shoulder as you half dozed at my side. For you, my darling, I long constantly.

11 March 1952

My dearest angel -

Another day has successfully thrown itself into eternity, and still the seconds tick by, the grains of sand still measure off the hours, and the bowl of heaven pursues its cycle from black to flaming gold, to agate, thence onward to rich red and purple and finally to royal blue, with a blinding silver orb in the heaven casting deep shadows and frosty highlights over all the earth here beneath.

At dawn, the prancing among the cattle here below, as we began our weary way; first to the CR where I did first an amputation on two gangrenous, foot bitten toes, in the cold of early morning, then a桑椹ization of a foal as the heat came up, a tracheotomy at peak heat, then a hysterectomy, followed by manipulation of a dislocated wrist.

Tired, I did but little on the ward today. I just didn't feel

like it. After supper, an "expert" lectured on "Nutrition, in and out of the hospital wise." It was an interesting one to hear, despite the title. He seemed to know his stuff, and imparted valuable knowledge to us all.

Afterward began my search for a bagpipe. Via Dep. Eric, one of the HSC Corps, a prince of a guy, from New England, got his Duggy, and his driver, named Kennedy, and the nice Joe, and we were off. The moon was rising into a sky of clear royal blue, full as a nearbursting balloon, coppery the semisilhouetted cones of Hwang-
a-mun. We howled merrily along to the Seaforth Drags, left the big bungalows behind there. Instead, it is a receiving station, devoid of luxuries, such as a pipe Battalions. We got a lead however, and were off. At K-9, we went to Korea's finest "O Club," for a Drambuie and a glass of very excellent old Scotch.

Bock. It's a fabulous club, despite
the paucity of heat, filled to overflowing
with better exclusive billets of east
side. I called the pipe number, was
referred to another, but field tile-
stones are not of the best, so that
I got nowhere.

As the Korean Hillbilly Band
struck up, we struck out for the trek
home, gently massaged out Saco
for the 6 miles back. We picked
up a hitchhiker, whom we thought to
be British, but he was not. He
speaks "skosh English". Back
again, I called my number, and
it seems that the strong pipe was
given yesterday to a fellow on
his way to the front. Still my luck,
and type Saco of the post I
talked to feel there's no other pipe
nearest than Saco. Quite a
goose chase in the Korean night.

Now, the moon is at its
zenith, the earth beneath is shadow-
less, glistly silver-coated over the
eternal blue and dry number of
night. Goodnight my darling.

12 March 1952

My angel -

Today was one of dull routine, but no one felt like doing the routine. Nevertheless, we did. My word now is all caught up except for 30 infinits, and now I can't get at them because the army has now decided to take all the pages on all of them to fill up some forms for something or other.

I did an amputation revision this morning, and have another tomorrow.

Today, again, has been a negative type of day.

I love you, my angel, with all my heart.

13 March 1952

My darling —
Today has been a slight diversion.
It seems that patients who were to
be discharged yesterday refused
to leave, said "we like compound
iii, and you can't make us go."
So, the local authorities said,
"OK, go on back to your units,
and it will be all right." Well,
the doctors here said that "if we
won't go into the compound, it's
not safe, if the P.M.'s can
control the L & S's, if they can
kill one of our interrogators
and aid Boys, if they can sentence
the L & S and doctors to death,
and when 3 of them are conventional
at the same time, are still
missing 2 weeks later, it isn't
safe for us to go in." Also
we asked point blank "what
will happen if one of us is
killed, will we be passed
off as suicide the same way
the air boy was?" The answer

was, "If we can find who did it,
we might try him." No attempt
was made to find the old
beg's murderer.

So, the C.O. decided he
might have to do something
about it. He called together
the whole administrative staff, of
7 doctors, plus the whole of
administrative staff of the
hospital; and told them
of a demonstration this AM
while we were in surgery. It
seems that the Corps of
Commander had again
called for the ditch dug early
come in for transport to Kao.
As a result, 400 Chinese
outside the Q.C.'s office, and
told him, through their spokes-
men, that they would not
allow the ~~man~~ to be sent
away. He gave them till 1400
Stop to get these men to
him, or he'd call in other
measures.

The C. O. said that the

plan was that the doctors of Compound III (Orthopedics) would go to the C.C.'s shack at 1400, and wait. If the men didn't show, we were to call the Security Office who would be waiting the call, armed and ready on a seconds notice, to come and guard the party as we were to go in and bring out the PW's individually. That was stupid Command in the first place, to send 7 unarmed men into an enclosure of 1200 or more PW's, especially since they had just that AM declared themselves hostile, but it was an order.

We went, as ordered, at 1400, not one of them had appeared, their spokesman was brought down and said that all the Chinese were in one hut and would not leave or give up the 12.

Security was called. We waited. It took security 50 minutes to arrive the 1/4 mile from their office. If the Chinese had attempted to mob us, 500 strong, we'd have stood no chance, yet no security, no galay for being held. But finally they came, with fixed bayonets, we closed in and file the 12. The M.P. C.O. kept insisting, that his men "be gentle with them, don't touch them, let them come and you come with them at their pace."

And, the best of all, the M.D. C.O. got snotty because we couldn't identify each patient by full name. As if anyone can tell one of these characters from another, and remember the face to fit the name, especially when we have 300 to 400 patients apiece.

It's typical of the army. First,
the C.O. commands 3 of his
officers to go unarmed into a
sparsely populated area of 1200 enemies,
known actively hostile, with
no protection or assurance
that it can be gotten. Second,
an alerted detachment of
men takes 50 minutes to
go down a hill to quell a
riot which is known of 13
hours at better before hand.
Thirdly, the officers whose
lives are prejudiced by the
C.O.'s stupidity are chewed
out for not knowing some-
thing that other members of
the hostile group don't know
about each other.

Last night, after I
wrote, other events transpired
which may be of note. I
mentioned that the C.O. asked
for 5 to put on a party on
the coming Saturday, that
he was gonna have a really good
affair. So the days of hot

5 made plans. I went out looking for a bag pipe, others made many and varied trips about, on their own time, to get things lined up. Yesterday, two of them got all their things lined up and done early, so they could go to town during the daytime when it was safe to be outside camp, and when stores were open, to get some things that will be necessary for the party. Last night, he said he'll talk with them for not being on their wards all day. Result, the party, as far as we are concerned, is called off. He can do his own party giving.

Today, Hank Landon and I scrubbed together. I did a segment of a story of a few, and a real doozie of true but to be. Hank seems to know a little about surgery, but he's shaky, and shows the result of lack of training.

in his unsuitness of himself.

No great news darling, and
the little lie most likely won't
make it into any paper, not if
the army can cover it up.

Last night I saw "Alice in Wonderland," and
thought of you and I'll run with
each scene. I can see why
the little devil was so crazy about
it. It's a real must for any
and all children. I wish more
than anything that I could have
had ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~thing~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{the} in my
room last night. It would
have been wonderful to have
watched their reactions. Darling,
I love my little family more
than any thing else on earth.
Good night beloved.

15 March 1952

My dearest angel -

Yesterday was another of those dull gray days, and I operated for the rest of it, did a posterior hip arthroscopy and a sequestrectomy on a badly destroyed tibia! In the afternoon, I got a goodly amount of work done, then deal tried hit the sack. I was awakened by the boy who wanted me to go to the UNRC party at the UNR City-hall. I did. I donned my blues, and we all were picked up by a bus from over there, and were brought out there. They have a very delightful hall, about 60 feet square, with a 30 foot dance floor, a large bar full of free liquor, and tables you look. A native dance band kept the rhythm up, with a slightly oriental flavor. We all were looking for a show of British troops,

so I could bum a bag pipe, but none appeared. There were a large number of Ethiopians, and Danes. It got to talking to the third mate of the ~~fact~~ ^{landia}, and he's going to show me about his ship if I carry down. Hank Laddon was along; he and I began the singing, and kept up a large measure of wahoo spirit throughout the evening. Later on, the UNR ~~C~~ ^{got} on a bull fight, with a picador, a ~~thatador~~, and a 2 man bull. It was the damndest farce I've watched in a long time. All in all, it was a rather tolerable little party.

Today, we caught ~~another~~ ^{another} large ~~injury~~ ^{measure} of the army's ~~cas~~. The more I hear of it, the more I think I'll be more than delighted to get back to the Navy.

Today, too, I got the patients all finally seen, after a solid

two weeks, with every possible
hindrance pushed in by the
army and their type. Now, I
can make word rounds with
my own notes, and to hell with
the army's disorganization.

Tonight, the fellows want
me to go to another party at K-1,
but I can't quite see it. I
think I'll probably stay home
and read a large measure of
anatomy, then a good night's
sleep.

Angel, I adore you, and
when the orchestra was playing
last night, old songs of ours
came to my mind, I was thinking of
you, and longing to hold you.
Again and again I feel you following
me about the plant, just to
have you with me again. my
angel, is all I ask.
Goodnight my sweetie.

16 March 1952

My dear

Today, again I went to Pusan. After a day working on the ward, conducted finally by a real, honest-to-God hospital ward round, I went to church, then as I was lounging around, Hank Landon asked if I'd like to go to town in the CO's sedan. I decided to go, since we were being driven on a Cook's tour. We went to "Little Pittsburgh," with its 8 smokestacks that cost \$1 to smoke the country side even more successfully than does the real thing. Next, we went to "little Chicago," looking for some nice mats, but to no avail, they wanted 5,000 Won for a mat, and \$0.80 is too much for a 4x7 mat, so we were off, except as I was getting into the car, an old Scotian came up, said "Good afternoon, I'm from San Francisco." Well, it turned out that he lived 5 years in Korea,

Made more money than he knew
what to do with. He has a 12,
repeat 22, repeat etc, from
house at Arden, and lots of
money, and a son 27 in high
school, and a daughter 19 in
high school, etc at museum.
I still don't know whether he was
trying to put the bite on me, or
just practice.

On we went, looking. We
tried 4 PX's without success,
but getting off into the back
country of Pusan. At one place,
the houses consisted of 6 foot square
by 3 foot deep holes in the ground,
covered with thatch, sitting along
the edge of a sewage canal,
housing families of 4 to 8, all
filthy, tattered, the children
woon faced, and snotty nosed.
At another spot, the streets were
lined with tenements, 2 stories
high, each house 6 to 10 feet
square, wall to wall, totally
without paint or windows, children
falling out the doors like extras in

that wouldn't fit in the car.

Then, we got to the main drag where I bought the present writing implement. It's a replica of a Parker 51, with gold cap, marked "U. S. Parker 51, New Style." It does all right, but the point is too fine for me. The quoted price was 48,000 Won, the purchase price 14,000 Won. Still looking, we ended up in a real Korean area, went into a store, we thought, only to find that what we were entering was not a store, but a long narrow alleyway, 2 feet wide, between mantle bats selling every thing from socks, pigskin jackets, and stockings to futon mats, nails, and horse manure. We got lost in that place for half an hour before finally we escaped. The beauty is indescribable, but I got some pictures to show it, in part.

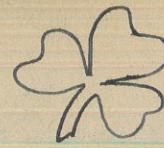
The weather is getting warmer, and the monsoons are coming with

it, the aroma is rising to bathe
all in its balm.

Today, I got another letter
from home. Darling, your letters
are wonderful, like treats for
me, and in the past 3 weeks,
I've gotten three.

Your roll top receipt is
in that long bond box. The key
is among that batch I left outside
the dressers. The place to get
the tires is Boyle-Sweat-Tire
Company, on the corner of Church
Street and 3rd St, across from
the court house and post office.

So long for now darling.
Good night.



17 March 1952

My dear -

Happy St. Patrick's Day. There are dozens of St. Pat parties in the vicinity, but 14th F.A. was prohibited by the C.O. from having one. I think that all the doofus-
poore of is himself. I've never seen a greater commander in my life.
Not only does he not inspire his men, but he seems to purposely antagonize them, enflame their biles, and demoralize them. Today, though, was very similar to except other day. It dawned bright and clear, and cool, so that the O.R. was rather icy till 0900 or so, since the C.O. is conserving heat.

I scrubbed on a triple arthrodesis of the ankle, then a knee fusion, then had the most awful desection of meat for a left wrist. This afternoon, red tape again intruded in the oddest procedure of caring for patients. All the doctors were dragged out to count the patients

who've had amputations, in lots

of above or below the knee or ankle.
At first year high school students
can count, but not in the group.

Tonight, I joined the Fresno
County Radical Society. It seems
that they meet once a month, that
the dues are zero, and all military
personnel in the area are eligible,
so I joined. The discussion was
an interesting panel session on
parasitology as regards Korea.
It seems that 100% of the people
of Korea have an infestation, with
an average of 2.9 different infections
per person.

Oh, I forgot to mention, I
finally got some Korean coins;
my chief came back today, from
fixing his teeth fixed, I walked
over to a 1 won and a 10 won
piece. Now, I have Korean specimens.
The chief has a friend at Camp
Now Flea who is in the surgical
Team dispersion section, when
he is writing today to find out
about the status of our team. We're

lost one coxswain, and are due
to lose 2 more in about 3 weeks,
to separation, and by June will
be down to 4 of them. We offices
are in another boat. Tony is due
out next January. The I just
in February, and I'm due date
between the coming July 1 and
the following one. Both of them
were V-12 ASTP graduates. If I
stay in as long as they, or rather
as long as the V-12 ASTP group,
I'm going to be as old as hell. Still
no word from the Bureau about
my status.

Good night, below.

18 March 1952

My Darling -

Well, and so, and jeh, another day has dropped past. Another day to subtract from my total in this delightful (ugh) place. Dawn disturbed long lumber at an early hour, such as 0700, and we left even a gull unmet that sky of tattletale gray and old steel blocking the high slant silhouettes of oak hills, holding a lid on the exhaust of space which ordinarily keeps the rest of this country down. It's a violent stench. So the O.R. day, I assisted in a dual onlay bone graft of a humerus. I got to take the graft from the tibia, my fist of thorn, and it came out perfectly. This afternoon, I picked up a ruptured appendix on my ward, got a real honest work round done though. Since then, we had a delightful steak dinner, have gotten a letter from St. Miller at Portsmouth, in which he gave me a very

good discussion of osteo, and a
very nice bit of banter. The
more I hear of do with that man,
the more I admire him. He seems
to be a really good orthopedist, more
than a little absorbed in the well-
fare of his patients. It's too bad
he's ruined his chances of further
promotion by his fight for that
patient's welfare. I've probably
mentioned before that he took his
boards in January, so he's probably
a board man by now.

Tonight, I'm planning to rely
upon my cases for tomorrow. I
have a split heel drainage to
do for osteo of the os calcis, and
a femoral segmentectomy. At present,
I know have 130 patients waiting
to be operated on, already done
at the present, which means they
will be done within a week. I
should end up with a busy one.

I'm getting near the
end of this book, and to the
end of my month here before
I write you my whereabouts,

and it appears that we'll be
here for a while. Really, too, I'm
exceedingly glad to approach the
~~dead~~^{dead} & to this I can at you
know. I don't like to keep you
unaware of my location, and I
didn't ~~do~~ do this, but I
wasn't sure exactly what was
occurring, and I felt that in this
way, I'd save you wasted fear.

I love you, my Darling; constantly I yearn for the feel
of you in my arms. I long to
walk with you in the sun,
feel the cool wetness in my face
and the warmth of your soft hand
in mine; I long to sit with
you in the east by light a full
Moon, and absorb the magic of
that old man; I long to ~~see~~
~~at~~ you across the breakfast
table, early, unmasked, with
that face like an angel from
heaven, your hair like a golden
halo above your soft, sweet,
happy face, the warm green
eyes laughing at me; I long

then to take you in my lap, and
rest my head on your breast,
hear your happy heart beat
for me through your negligence,
watch the small round pulse of
your tummy rise and fall with
your sweet breath, to watch
you vibrate with expectation
as the light leaves the room, then
to feel your hair like a cool
air on my face and your warm
moist lips on my ear, my eyes,
then my mouth; then gently
weepest in my arms

Good night, my love.

19 March 1950

My Darling —

Today was a rather day at this institution of mercy. Lady Mary's batten came by from India. She pulled in in her Rolls Royce around 0830, flanked by a party of jeeps and a British staff car. It was in the process of doing a curettage of an osteomyelitic knee, when she came to the OR to look around. She poked my shoulder to look over, so I decided to give her a shout and did. The infection was fecal to begin with, i.e. lots of thick foul pus and necrotic bone. I got the ones thisiologist to release the tourniquet as she approached, so that lots of gore filled the field, mixed with pus, then stuck my curette into a nice pocket under tension just as her face probed over my shoulder. My aim was a trifle off, but good enough to get her nose out of the OR. Next, I did

my split heel drainage. Tomorrow,

I have a flag skin graft to do, followed by a femoral sequestrectomy, a good 1 AM's work, when you consider that for each case I do, I help my first assistant on one, as his first assistant.

Oh, another bit of news.

General found here is a super bug on fire prevention, smaller and weekly exhibits on the subject, had big flat platys made in English and Korean, attached to every stove in Korea, saying "Use kerosene oil only; caution! Be careful with fire." Today, his personal mess hall turned to the ground. He had kittens.

This PM, all was rather quiet on the ward. Am getting over good sounds now, and should be in shape in a few days to take anyone along and show him a well run, well organized hospital ward. Tomorrow, the 8th Army Consultant is coming to pay

ward, to hear about and see
the results of split householdage,
and I have 6 of them who are
old enough for follow-up, as
two fresh ones as early perhaps
for him to see. A hope it satisfies him.

Tonight, again, is Binger's, so I'm playing chess with Clark
More again. All's well, and
all's quiet. No riots for the moment,
either here or at Sojet do, so we
aren't locked-in. No progression
Panmunjon, but with the allies
playing Party-war without the
West they gotta back their own
stand, what can be expected?
No real flare-up has occurred on
the front, and the weather is
warming to make spring activity
feasible. Possibly, my next
station will again be at
Yokosuka. My TA will
expire in 2 months, at which
time I'll either be relieved
here, or will have to be issued
a fresh set of orders.

Good night, my dearest one,

Take all my heart, and all my
love; then give Allen and Santa
a lovely kiss and I say goodnight.

20 May 1953

My dearest angel -

Tomorrow it will be spring, and today is the day of the heavy snow - back home. I fear that the former will stand, and won't vary for a thousand years, but the latter, I hope for your sake, takes a day of exception. Last night Chuck and I played an innumerable collection of chess games, one a stalemate, and all even on the last. We kill an evening - something fierce when we get started on that game. Tonight, again, will be Bingo night, so I think we'll probably play again.

After the game, we came out into what had been a rather gray evening, to find that the monsoon season had begun. It started about 2100, poured in heavy sheets for about 6 hours, and left the roads sunk 4 to 6 inches deep in water, with an additional

3 or 4 inches of sucking mud

beneath, with a deep coat of
mud over the entire country side.
Today, I dunned galahas for the
first time in many years.

I began the day by rising
hell in the OR because there
was no heat; usually we have
a very slight touch to edge the
chill, and my patients were lying
on stretchers in the hall,
shivering horribly. Finally, they
got someone on the bell, the
CO came down, then he arrived
in quiet lullows to have the
stove fixed.

Then, I did my sling graft,
and my sequestrectomy. At
the other table in the room I
was in, an amputation was
going on, for a poor stump.
So I arranged to get it.
This afternoon, Hank London
and I took it and did a thorough
dissection. It was a perfect
specimen, from supercilly to
the knee, to mid thigh. I didn't

get to my work, but with a
good piece of working to work
on, I let the work fall off
for a day. At least I got
a little education out of
this place.

At noon today, one of our
house maids, called "mama-sun",
brought her little boy out
for a chest X-ray because of
a cough. He's a cute little
fellow of 4, Korean style,
which is 2 years out style,
but seems to be a little on
the backward side, subdued,
quiet, afraid to leave his
mama. I took him outside
and took pictures of him and
his mama, then I took
one of the child on my
lap, with his mama, then
everyone here came
and to take pictures with
the little fella in there. They
will be in my next post.
The X-ray at this kid,
unfortunately, showed an

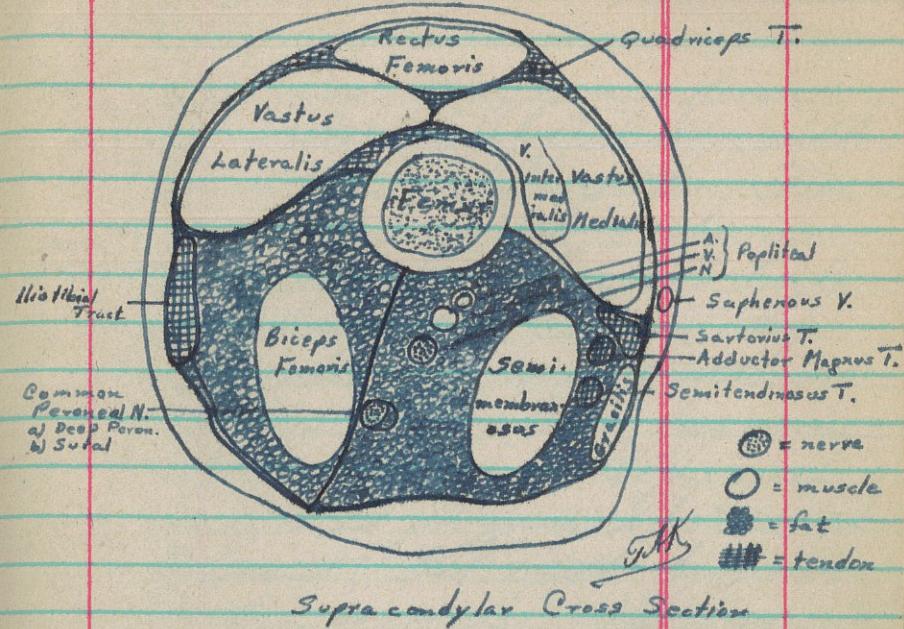
extensive by law tuberculosis.

In America, proper treatment for about a year, and he'd be cured. Since primarily the disease is usually curable, not just arrestable; but in this country, well, it's a different proposition.

No mail today, though, so I contented myself with reading the three I have gotten since the last week of last month. And even better, I haven't yet gotten the khakis, and time for khakis is almost here.

How about checking on it.

I hope that the package was insured. Too, I haven't gotten the pictures of your three wonderful aunts yet; I hope you've gotten them, and have sent them. Goodnight, my darling.



21 March

My Darling -

Today spring sprung from its hibernation and officially, will have no further cold weather. Too, the day did its best to keep up with the calendar. It was a lovely, sunny, balmy day, caused the sweet aroma of honey to enthrall the camp in its heady fragrance.

The day began slowly with promise, and progressed without fulfilment, but with fun even more than promised. I'd been scheduled on 3 cases, 2 of my own and one of Hank's, so that I'd be home early, & could get paid today. My case was the removal of the head of the fibula, for osteo about a full fragment. I began by dissecting out the proximal groove, they had to remove it from the fibula with a periosteal elevator, because of the 5 cm tissue fibrosis. Our circulating nurse, a hideously old bat with a face of unknown

appearance beneath an inch of
paint, became upset because
we were being too careful, such
it was all the cause of yesterday's
dissension that we'd be so particular
because it had never been done
that way before. Each time she
began to grise I slave'd down
a bit. We did a good job, and
took a full 2 hours. Then
Hank had one of similar calibre.
We put off the third case till
afternoon because it was kindly
thin, and they won't save lunch
for us, even if a case takes till 1:00.

This case was for tuberculous
osteoc of the upper phalanges, so we
had to do it again. Minnie
said that if we took over an hour
she'd walk out and apply for a
transfer. I asked her if she
wanted an endorsement, and
she flew her stack but good, and
left. I sent word to her to wait
for my camera because I wanted
to get a picture of the beautiful
dissection, and she, believe it

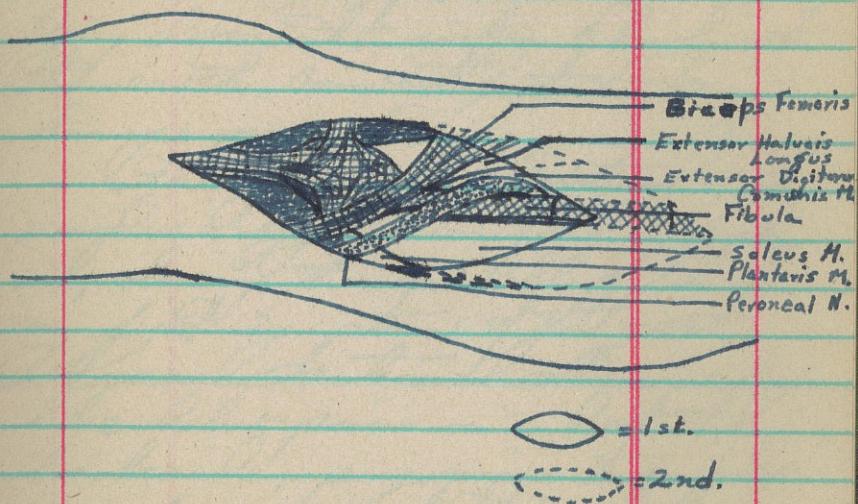
or not, she did. She came in to tell me about it, and I told her to cancel it because I'd fish. That did it. She won't speak to me for a month, and believe me, that'll be a relief.

After I got out, I found that she'd gone to the chief of otorohanga, to the chief of engraving, and to the C.O. ~~saying~~ that her husband and I had gone crazy, were "studying history" in the OR, and that she couldn't see why we didn't operate like everyone else, and just out. I haven't heard their reaction yet, but if they raise any hell, that last part of Mayes' statement is going to knock any of their remarks into a cocked hat.

After the OR, I went up to the ward, and got a full day's work done there, and ended up the day with a delightful steak dinner. Now, I'm getting ready for a delightful shower and then the local movie, "A

~~place in the sun." It's a
navy movie, provided here
because the navy will loan
1 movie a week for each 4
navy men; we have 12, so rate 3
a week. They're far better, and in
far better condition than the
Army's.~~

Goodnight, my love.



22 March 1952

My dearest darling Angel -
And now, another day has
swept across the calendar, the
days have come and remain in
sheets following each other from
heavens as fishes over the fence, the
living dormant, sinking slowly into
the earth, converting it to a
homogenous ground.

The day was christened with
powdered eggs scrubbed in fish
oil, during the middle of which
my first symptoms of the great
American National disease began,
like labor pains came at the
backside, progressing to envelop
me from navel to glutei,
increasing rapidly in severity
till I bolted, then retched
for my coffee. I now seem to
have grown. We had a good
round session then, on
orthopedic lesions of the upper
extremity. It was, at least for
me, very educational.

I took off for town then,

hitchhiking down the mud

puddles of Korea to Pusan
I should have had a boat.

I got paid, and purchased
a new pen, the which I am now
using. It's a lovely little Parker
51, Lakeside p. Dec \$19.95, 33 pieces
\$8.00. I rang up Jack Huron
on the "Consolation" and invited
him out to see my ward. He's
coming this week.

I've got to Yoko-suka on the
day I left, and has been here
for 1 week. He told me that
Ed Neffman finally has
gotten to the "Manchester"
and is up the coast somewhere
now. I'll bet his got that
formerly happy ship into a
state of completely moraleless
uproot.

Also, he brought me
news from the mob at Yoko-
suka! Remember I told you
about Bill Gribey den's great
depression? I didn't finish it
because I wasn't sure of the

and come. Bill had come up from Stow as I described, but had been sent with an N-V consultation of his own. He was admitted with a diagnosis of Acute Anxiety Reaction and Maladjustment. Now, he's been sent back stateside to his Florida. He'll probably be cured by returning there. It's hard to be so dependent. I love and adore you, and away from you am never completely happy and at ease, but I'll not go into a desperate neurotic depression, I hope.

This afternoon, I idly strolled the ward, fat with this rain, I couldn't quite see working through the mud for any complete affair. There're more patients than doctors, and a day lost for a PW is not as bad to the army as a day lost for a doctor.

Again, we had our ration of chicken from the chicken joint. The C. D. dished it out in

double handfuls at officer's call.

Afterward, he asked one of the officers why so many of the men have quit in for transfer. Ray didn't want to answer, so the Col. ordered an answer. Ray, "They don't like to put up with all the new chicken shit that come in with you." Col. became extremely agitated and Col. went out. The old boy standard asked for it and got it.

Tonight, we had an informal meeting of camera fans, and shared color trays pictures. I got a roll back to day with my new lens, so I took them over. It was a nice little get together, so several of us decided to form a camera club. If we do, I'll get my pictures sent back here for awhile. My pictures are all pretty good, and a few are exceptional. When I leave here, I'll send them to you.

I got a letter from you

today dear, written on the 10th.

Darling, please don't wait so long between them, that's nine days between letters. If you don't care to write me just say so, but please let me know if you don't.

Last Sunday, the sermon was on waiting home, & keep morale up at the home front so that you wouldn't lk lonely, and wouldn't think forgotten you. We were shot to pieces. Darling, that goes both ways, and 4 letters from you in a month is not an excess.

Please write darling.

Good night. J

23 March 1952

My dearest friend

This will probably be the last letter of the book, and tomorrow, it goes into the mail. Today has been a wonderful one.

It began early, at 0600, when this I.G. of Korean liaison awoke me with a bang, and a dash. I had an early breakfast, then got to my work and got in a full day's work in time for lunch. After luncheon, I got all dressed up to go to compound # where the PW's were putting on a play for the G.I.'s. All of the ~~other~~ ^{other} officers were invited, and great disappointment was expressed when all were not present. It began as we began to enter, all the PW's in the cast, and in the audience, stood up as we walked in, one at a time, and applauded us individually. Then, we were presented with paper flowers, all very beauty and taste, made with

exceptional skill. Mine was a coronation,

white with a yellow border, so lifelike that at 3 feet, you'd think it real. We were seated up front in special seats, and the spokesman - H.C. introduced the Second Doctor of the Company, who started off by singing, in perfect English, "For we know that we speak English with such poor fluency," then delivered an extremely flowery tribute to the Americans for all they've done to help Korea, to stamp out the "controllability of Communism", and "the kindness of the Americans for their care of our prisoners of war."

Next, a glee club sang a number of songs in Korean, some American barbershop harmonies ("The Bullfrog on the Bank", for one) and some Korean. Then, the Harmonicats took over for a while, and finally a decidedly simple magician. Really though, they were all good.

The main body of the program then came on, a

Korean version of Act III of
Musgo's "Les Misérables." Korean
lyricistics are a variety unto
themselves, but the presentation
was marvelous. I've never enjoyed
anything so much in my life.
Had an interpreter at my elbow
to keep me posted, but even
without him, it would have
been next to impossible to
lose the way, the acting was
so superb. Hollywood would
take lessons in acting from
these people.

I had my camera, but
the gaslight was dim. I guned
it wide at f3.5, and took
long exposures of 3 to 8 seconds,
held by hand. I hope they come
out. I know that the character
speaking as I shot will be
blurred, but not the others.
The system of getting here is
such that the who is speaking
is also violently emoting,
while all the others are ~~stuck~~
still in whatever pose they

held as they cease their last
speed. My fingers are crossed
about the pictures though.
Even if you don't like them,
save them for me.

I counted up my operations
here to date, and I'll have
done 24 in my 23 days
here, and have 5 more to do
tomorrow, with finishing
it. We'll be in the OR ~~to~~ at
midnight.

Good night, my dear angel.
With all my heart, I
love you. I hope you don't feel
I've tried to deceive you by writing
this way; I honestly felt when I
left that I'd probably be at
the front by now, and back
again, and wanted to write
you daily, but didn't want
you to worry. Now, it seems
that I'll be here for a while, so
I say, my angel, don't worry
about me here, all's well.

Give Laura a little
hug for me, and Anna

short blast on my pipe soon.

Tell him his Daddy is thinking
of him all the time, and really
is sorry he can't come home to him
~~today~~.

Give dad a kiss and I'll give
a big hug. Tell her to hang on
for the fall, it'll be for me -
my soon, if I get back to
Japan soon. Tell Long it was
the lucky old pony that gave me
that has kept me back here in
Russia.

Tell Baby I'll write her as
soon as I'm sick this will get to
you first.

Saying, then take all my
love to a quiet spot with you and
cherish it, old yours constantly,
wholly, and forever.

Good night, my heart of
hearts.

Your loving husband,
Tom

